

My Everything

by Mara Jade Skywalker

Category: Star Wars
Language: English
Status: In-Progress
Published: 2000-05-08 09:00:00
Updated: 2000-05-08 09:00:00
Packaged: 2016-04-27 17:23:54
Rating: K
Chapters: 1
Words: 797
Publisher: www.fanfiction.net
Summary: What she means to Luke.

My Everything

Disclaimer: Vague summary, but I didn't want to spoil you. Not like you can't guess it anyway...But that's not the point here, is it? Oh well. Anyway, the characters in here aren't mine, they don't in any way belong to me. So please don't get mad at me. Money is not being made off this, but donations are welcome... This didn't take too long to write. Maybe half an hour. I lost track of time.
>Email plus feedback (please, NO lectures), comments to:
MaraJade@rebelspy.net Enjoy. <p> My Everything <p>

It was a wonder he'd been able to sleep that night. A wonder that, for once, his nightmares hadn't plagued him with their presence. Luke had been having troubled nights recently, reliving unwillingly the peak moments of his life that had also been the ones he feared the most. But fear was a slave of the Dark Side and so Luke couldn't fear those things. He'd forgotten about them...Until the dreams started.

>The horrid scene, branded and burned in Luke's mind of his uncle and aunt on their homestead the day he'd met Obi-Wan Kenobi, their skeletal remains blackened and charred, smoke smoldering off the still hot portions of their once fleshed bodies.
The pain and loss of having to witness the death of Ben Kenobi...the mental struggle of having to move on, reality not permitting him to mourn.

>Agony over the revelation of his parentage and relation to Darth Vader along with the searing pain of losing his right hand.
The loss of friends during the Rebellion...the countless faces and names that had been unwitting victims to the Empire's treachery.

>Losing Yoda and having to confront the evil stem of his problems...The fear of falling to the Dark Side and the heavy responsibility placed upon his shoulders from birth to defeat the Emperor and forced with the order to defeat his father.
His father...a man he'd never met and yet had known his entire life. This man...this...machine, melting to good under his arms, tears still

being able to reach the poor scarred and aged face. The man who'd seen more than Luke had...and at one time, was the great man Luke had always perceived his father to be.

>Watching comrades die around him as he continued on in the battles of the New Republic. Still after so long, striving to keep their promise of freedom across the the galaxy.
Continuing on in his frustration as time permitted no personal time to mourn, cry, or at least let out his emotion.

>Always the mask of the Jedi, ever-present, assuring the quiet fears in those around him. But who was the comforting force for him? Who was there to help calm his fears, dry his tears, hear his calls?
Lifestyles not allowing time for love or devotion to another person. Always devotion to the better good, sacrifice one's self for the aide of others.

>A family he had, there to be his guide...and yet...never always there...never quite what he was in so desperate need of.
Though through his inner turmoil...Forever and always was her. She stood out among his fellows, like a beacon of hope spreading her light so as only Luke could see. Warming him and bringing him comfort. Giving him faith when he had none. Lending him strength when his was spent. Building his confidence when it had been worn down. His walking stick for a broken leg...His listener for his unresolved problems...

>A treasure not to be lost. And one, of all the people he knew, who understood him the best and could help him with anything. Could wash away his worries with soothing words...calming breaths...warm caresses...
Was it she then? She who stopped his nightmares and gave him peace? She who took away his fears and left him serene and with clear mind?

>Luke smiled softly in his deep slumber, his arm gently laced around his treasure, never wanting to let her go. Her side moving rhythmically with her breathing, calming Luke more than an ocean of words could ever do and bringing him to an even deeper sleep.
She indeed was his line of sanity. Never once faulting as his one solid source of strength in his hazed and difficult world. Her who kept him from the insanity of the loss of a loved one, who stood by his decisions, urging him on, keeping him humble.

>What did he do to deserve such a gift? Such a blessing? Whatever it had been...Luke was eternally grateful.
My heart, my soul. My hope, my life...I love you, Mara Jade.

End
file.